

WAR CRY

Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East and Newfoundland

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.

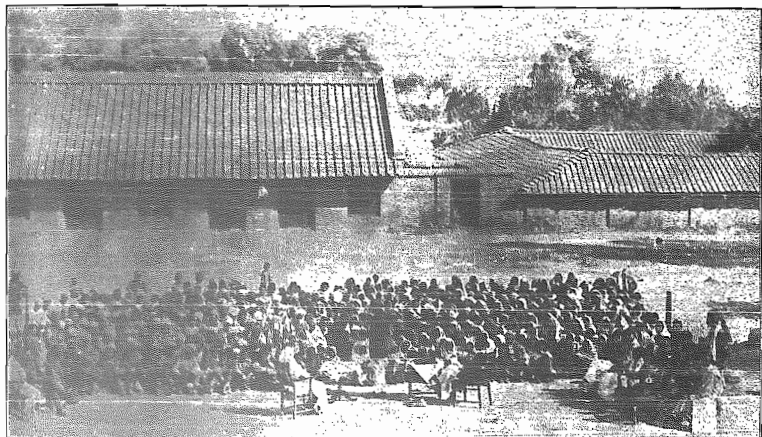
WILLIAM BOOTH *Founder*
BRAMWELL BOOTH *General*

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS:
JAMES AND ALBERT STS. TORONTO.

No. 1922. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13th, 1921.

W. J. Richards, Commissioner.



GLIMPSES AT THE ARMY'S WORK IN INDIA

The upper picture shows the pupils of the Moradabad Girls' School and the lower one a Sunday Meeting with the Settlers in the Fazalpur Settlement. An interesting article on a phase of Army activity in India will be found on page 5

LATEST NEWS OF SALVATION FIGHTING ON THE FIELD

Newfoundland News

Colonel Martin, accompanied by Staff Captain Tilley, visited Whitebourne on a recent Sunday and conducted the evening service. The Colonel was given a very hearty welcome by the comrades. A very cordial meeting followed, and the number of the comrades took part was conducted, Captain Pilgrim, the Corps Officer, did her best to make the meeting a success.

The St. John's H. Life Saving Guards are away camping under the leadership of Guard Leader Catherine Cave.

Adjutant and Mrs. Oxford (retired) have kindly placed their grounds at their disposal.

Last Sunday Colonel and Mrs. Martin paid the Guards a visit and had a meeting with them.

Major Gallaher has concluded his tour in Newfoundland and will stay here till after our Annual Congress, then return to England.

The Major is a hard worker and has spared no pains to get souls saved while with us; our prayers will go with him to his native land.

ST. JOHN'S I.

The St. John's I Home League went this week to Bowring Park for their annual picnic, to which all the members invited their husbands.

Colonel and Mrs. Martin and Brigadier Prescott, were also present. The day was delightful and a very profitable few hours were spent.

Commandant P. Sainbury, the Corps Officer, reports a good day on Sunday last, when the annual consecration in the morning, and thirteen came forward for Salvation at night.

The Commandant was assisted by Adjutant George French of the Men's Social.

At the time of writing, The Salvation Army Colony and the Headquarters, in the hands of the painter.

Brigadier Prescott visited Bell Island last week end and reports four souls. She gave a lecture on Monday.

WESLEYVILLE.

We are sorry to have to say goodbye to Adjutant and Mrs. Oxford, who have been with us for two years. During their stay we have experienced many glorious times and have received many helpful things through their influence. Mrs. Strickland has agreed to be a real mother to all around. Our Corps has advanced and many are the things that have been accomplished during their stay. Nearly forty Soldiers have been added to the Band.

BISHOPS FALLS.

While Adjutant and Mrs. Bowdler were on their furlough the comrades arranged a tea and raised a good sum towards fitting the Hall. Some needed improvements have been made, and the Hall has been painted inside and out.

SPRINGDALE

On Sunday, July 3rd, we said farewell to Adjutant and Mrs. Lodge. At night the building was packed to its utmost capacity. At the close of the meeting we had the joy of seeing five souls at the Cross.

For the past two years, Adjutant and Mrs. Lodge have indeed been a blessing to this Corps.

The Soldiers' Roll has been doubled and four candidates for Officership have been secured. An Officers' Quarters has also been built.

Sergeant Major Saunders.

LINDSAY.
Visiting Soldiers Conduct Week End Meetings—Use of Band Stand Granted by Town Council.

On Saturday and Sunday, July 22nd and 23rd, we had with us Brother and Sister Bailey from Ottawa, Bandman and Sister Bailey from West, and Songster Lily Graves from Ottawa. We also welcomed back Bandman William Shillings from Ottawa. A great open air was held.

On Sunday we enjoyed the Bible talks given by the Adjutant, combined with the prayers and testimonies of the Soldiers. A fine spirit prevails and the attendance is steadily increasing. Lieutenant Woods conducted the Soldiers' meeting and gave an instructive address.

We have fine open air on Sunday. It was a pleasure to have with us while on furlough, Ensign F. Sibbick and Captain and Mrs. Roddy.

The Wyckwood Theatre has been leased by Adjutant Amand. The opening meetings were conducted there by Brigadier and Mrs. Watson on Sunday last. There were good attendances throughout the day and five young people came to the mercy seat. The Earls Court Band assisted in the morning meeting.

NEW LISKEARD.
Three Children Dedicated—Parents Keep Salvation.

Captain Welbourn recently dedicated three children. On the following Sunday, the father and mother gave their hearts to God. All are coming to meetings regularly. On Sunday morning, Lieutenant Fisher led the Holiness meeting. Three young men were sworn in, also one new Soldier. It was a wonderful meeting. While the Lieut. was leading the prayer meeting, he started that chorus "We'll Stand to Thee, O God, Goodness Shown." A sister came out for consecration, and six others followed. A woman also came out for Salvation.

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The meetings are being well attended. Our Saturday night open air are attracting and interesting large crowds. Ensign and Mrs. Hoband are in charge.

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WYCKWOOD.
Hearty Welcome to New Officers. We have had a number of interesting meetings, led by our new Officers, Adjutant Amand and Lieutenant Woods.

On Saturday, July 16th, a welcome tea was given them by the comrades of the Corps. The House League was in charge of the catering. In connection with this a Musical Festival was held. All leaders of the Corps supplied items. The Band and Songsters under Leader E. Smith rendered good service.

On Sunday we enjoyed the Bible talks given by the Adjutant, combined with the prayers and testimonies of the Soldiers. A fine spirit prevails and the attendance is steadily increasing. Lieutenant Woods conducted the Soldiers' meeting and gave an instructive address.

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LISGAR ST.
Loose and Gains—The Spirit of Service.

Our fighting strength at Luger St. says Correspondent Rogers, has been diminished by recent changes. Major and Mrs. Burrows were valued soldiers, and their children included engineers, junior workers, and Corps Cadets, so that their transfer is a loss to us. The loss of a capable officer, and a second one, is a great blow. The loss of a player, is due to the departure of Commander Cameron. Against this reduction we have to chronicle the arrival of an addition to our leaders in the person of Sister George, who has been welcomed from Westchester, England.

With the Band itself is far from satisfied with its present musical attainments, there are signs that the appreciation of the work done is at a minimum; several calls for service have been responded to lately, and in addition there is a request for Band open air to be held outside certain houses, generally in conflict with the spirit of service which animates the Band organs for the future.

Capt. Sharp and Lieut. Sheppard are leaving us on till the new Officers arrive, and on all sides we hear expressions of appreciation of their Ministry. Adjutant Thorne, an old St. soldier, furloughed on Sunday for India. One out at the study seat. Brigadier Walton, our new Divisional Commander, was welcomed on Monday night, we look for much blessing under his leadership.

CAMPBELLTON, N.B.
For the past two weeks we have had Lieut. H. A. Burrell of Chatham, N.B., leading us on. We have been having splendid meetings, and crowds attending.

There is a good work going on in the young people's Corps here under the leadership of Junior Sergeant Major Price.

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Concerning Education
Some mothers are called upon to make great sacrifices for the education of their children, for it is not every mother who enjoys at winning

partnership, and is able in this way to provide part of the cost of their schooling. Indeed, I know some very noble parents who devote to allow their children to receive a liberal education, and who are not at all deterred by the cost. I don't at all see why, at least, certain of our children could not be judged on the marks they receive during the entire term, when they have been trying to win prizes under the best conditions, for I know some children who are at their very worst on examination day.

One of my grandchildren keeps away nearly all the night before the day of test, and long before he has gone to school and then the next morning he is on his back. Though she pulls through very well, I know her sufficiently to say that she could do much better, under ordinary circumstances.

Notwithstanding the splendid educational opportunities there are today, compared with what used to be the case, those whose incomes are limited must often make great sacrifices in order to equip their boys and girls for the battle of life. I am glad to know that things are so much in advance of when I was a little girl, and that they are getting better and better every year until, I suppose, the time will come when the child of the poor working-man will have as good a chance of getting on as any other. The parents who sacrifice their hard-earned savings to help qualify their children for the work they are called to do are to be commended, but it should not be remembered that education is not everything—the more some children learn, indeed, the less noble they become, and I know of some whose education has proved their undoing.

The safe thing to do in regard to our children's education and future is to ask God's guidance and to follow His leadings. To say for them, as well as for ourselves—

I would not choose my work:
The field is Thine, my Father and my Guide;
Send them too forth, Oh, send me where Thou wilt,
So that be glorified.

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ARUNDRUD India's "Salvation Town"

How the Desert was Made to Blossom and Rejoice

SITUATED in the very heart of the Punjab, and occupying 2,000 acres of rich land in The Salvation Army Colony of Shantinagar.

To hear Staff-Captain Wadswar (Hackett)—who has been in charge of the Colony for nearly four years, and who, in his wife, is at present furloughing in England—describe the wonderful experience of Shantinagar, which being interpreted means "Peaceville," is to be forcibly reminded of Isaiah's words, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Sun-scorched desert
Five years ago a more drastic, solitary, sun-scorched desert land it would have been impossible to find. The inexperienced prospector would have been deterred by the forbidding, scrub-covered area with no water to be seen.

But the Army authorities, with keen vision, looked twice at the place, and with the aid of faith's eye afforded by a three-mile frontage of canal, saw the possibilities of the parched wastes of rippling waters, cotton and sugar cane, and a happy community of prosperous and contented Shantinagar.

A traveller coming across the Sind desert today sees the results of five years ago turned into actuality and looks with marvelling as he comes abruptly upon this miracle Colony with its 2,000 happy farming Shantinagarians.

Shantinagar really owes its existence to an idea

Always be Learning

A Word to The Wise

We are very busy today, at least we think we are, and are not learning in consequence a hindrance to progress. The very things which we think we must do are sometimes a most serious hindrance to the doing of some other things which are vastly more important. If a doctor were called in to prescribe for a patient while declaring himself too busy to feel his pulse, or take his temperature, or use the stethoscope, we should very speedily discard him, and rightly so. If a carpenter were about fitting up the interior of a house while the roof leaked like a sieve we should think him a very foolish workman. And if a locomotive engineer thought it his duty to keep his engine going ahead at full speed, regardless of whether or not he had the train behind him, he would not long remain in charge of an engine. Busy-ness does not count much, it is intelligent, and the man or woman who fails to learn to be busy, and most need to be busy, will fail ours, despite all their well-intentioned activities.

Continuous advancement is conditioned upon continuous increase of knowledge. In order to make proper progress we must always be learning. When a man "completes his education" he may as well be buried; for he will find himself hopelessly out of touch with his times, and what is true of the individual is true of nations, organizations, and the world. To prevent decay and to ensure progress there must ever be a condition of receptivity to new ideas and methods.

What is true of nations and institutions is true of individuals. The only wise man is the man who is always learning. Whether he be preacher or physician, whether he be farmer or school teacher, Officer or Soldier, he must find time to read, think, examine and weigh other men's ideas, think to ponder other men's mistakes and his own also, and so little by little to learn the things which God means him to know, and for lack of which he will fail to do his best and greatest work. This learning will keep a man humble, but it will make him efficient; it will take a good deal of time, but it will increase his output; it will discourage self-esteem, but it will make him less obstinate; it will make him more conscious of his own weakness, but it will increase his favor with God and men. And never let it be forgotten that those who learn the things of God are those who become wisest and most efficient.

BIBLE MESSAGE

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. (Ephesians vi. 10.)"
"A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." (Proverbs xvi. 9.)
"Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." (Psalm xcvi. 7.)
"My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength will be made perfect in weakness." (2 Corinthians xii. 9.)

MIRACLES BY MUSIC

IN the days of Nehemiah the singers had a definite work to do in the rebuilding of the walls of the city. The singers were not wholly absorbed in getting ready for the services of the restored Temple, for the time being they were expected to help with others in manual labor. Today many of The Army singers and musicians are completely engaged in their avocations somewhat aside from the exercise of their music. Yet by means of their music they may help to repair the breaches and build the walls of the City of God.

Ripple like waves

However wonderful it may appear we can do things even by the mere production of sounds. They are not the only people who "work" who serve in manual toil. A musician too can 'do' things. No one can sing a single note but he sets the air in motion, causing it to ripple like waves of the sea. These ripples, these vibrations, once set in motion, have some effect on the material world. Every sound we make, every word we utter, every note we sing makes a distinct impression, not only on the air but on the objects around us.

There are an eminent scientist wanted to see the effect of sound on soft, yielding substances. He secured an exceedingly delicate parchment and stretched it at the four corners of a table. Over the elastic membrane he spread a thin layer of soft, fluid paste. Then a celebrated lady vocalist was asked to sing over the apparatus. To the surprise of every one as the waves of air caused by the tones of her voice struck the sheet, the soft paste arched itself into different shapes, into representations of flowers, leaves, and other beautiful designs.

Making itself felt

What a marvellous sight it must have been to see music making itself felt! What a telling illustration of the fact that sweet sounds can shape our thoughts! If this is the action of sound in the physical universe, and science assures us it is, it is any less believable that the same law holds in the moral and spiritual sphere? The sounds we make undoubtedly leave their mark on the impressions of the minds and lives of all those who listen to us. Probably more powerful than any of us are aware people are affected by what they hear.

No one can doubt the immediate influence of ordinary speech upon those who hear. Who has not noticed the instant effect of words on the temper and actions of the people? Angry words stir up anger; whereas kindly and sympathetic expressions have the effect of turning these flows into gentle streams. By means of our words we can cause pain or distress to other hand good cheer and happiness. The same results can be accomplished much more readily when words are wedded to music.

Our comrades sit on a platform at a Meeting and look into the faces of an audience while some consecrated

singer is at work. She sings into the air, but who dare say that nothing is being accomplished? Oh, no! The words which she sings are gradually absorbed in getting ready for the services of the restored Temple, for the time being they were expected to help with others in manual labor. Today many of The Army singers and musicians are completely engaged in their avocations somewhat aside from the exercise of their music. Yet by means of their music they may help to repair the breaches and build the walls of the City of God.

Chemistry describes a curious substance which is strangely affected by sound. The least word uttered behind it not only moves the atoms of which it is composed or causes them to make a different combination, as in our previous illustration, but it alters their properties so that they are quite different from what they were before. And our words and songs when rightly spoken or rendered, produce the deepest and most marvellous changes. More sensitive than the most delicate chemical compound are the minds and hearts of sinful men and women. They are made susceptible by God for the distinct purpose of being impressed by human influences and by the Holy Spirit.

Thrilling Gospel song

Studied by the lips, who of us dare think lightly of his music-service? No one can tell the effect of gracious thrilling Gospel-song upon the human soul. The production, the execution of music is work for God as real, as efficient, as any that can be imagined. The utmost care should be taken to make every item of music as impressive and telling as it may be. That particular item may be charged with the most important consequences. How well that should be done which has to play an important part in conversion and the sanctifying of human souls!

The number cannot be counted of those whose lives have been changed, whose yearnings after Holiness have been deepened, whose characters have been built up by means of song. It is difficult to apportion the relative effect of different human forces which play on the human soul at a critical moment in its human history, and the Spirit of God uses every form of utterance, but very, very often music has been the chief means of blessing. Oh, let us then, as Bandmen or Songsters, be out for the conversion of those who listen to us, for their fall Salvation, for their preparedness for Heaven.

Won by song

The singers of Nehemiah's day helped to build the walls of Jerusalem by means of songs; we can help to build the Kingdom of God by means of our songs. Thousands have been won by the service of song. Thousands more have been won by the faith. The community of the saved owes more than can be told to the ministry of those who make our music. They are the builders of a city made without hands.

Why I am a Bandman

A Straight Question Elicits a Straight Answer.

Why am I? A dozen reasons present themselves to me. I am a Bandman because I am sufficient to account for my being a Bandman. A few will possibly suffice for the present review. My first and chief reason, undoubtedly, is that I believe it to be part of God's individual plan for me, as an individual, that I should not only be saved and connected with The Salvation Army as a Soldier, but that I should hold a Bandman's Commission, as part and parcel of a Bandman's commission. My very utmost to spread the beautiful Gospel of free grace and redemption through the shed Blood of Christ. For the successful accomplishment of this, I know of no more effective aid to the Army's work than that of consecrated melody.

I am a Bandman, too, because of the many opportunities my duty as such affords me of personally testifying to the wonderful way God has opened me during my twenty-two years of service.

What better inspiration can I desire than to speak to a crowd of listeners, at a street corner, who have just left their best nature strayed and elevated by the lovely strains of "Hallelujah, My God, to Thee," or "Amen, brethren, which lead themselves so readily to the fullest expression of saintly harmony?"

An Example To The Young. I am a Bandman, also, that I may set an example to our coming Army—those other boys in the Young People's Corps, whose most intimate association with The Salvation Army spirit and with Salvation Army work.

What can be more in the natural order of things than for those same lads to be drafted into the ranks of the Band? And what is more proper than for them, after years as Young People's Workers—to be also a Bandman, and so continue the attachment originated in the Young People's Company?

I am a Bandman because I am passionately fond of music, and more particularly of the sacred melody which the majority of our Bands make a specialty of rendering.

I am a Bandman because of the opportunities I have for the education and development of that latent, yet untapped, but highly responsive talent which, experience has taught me, is to be discovered in the breast of most, if not all, of those created in God's own likeness.

I am convinced that music will make me a better man, and even the brute force of a bull, and so I feel it incumbent upon me to assist in elevating those about me by carrying out the duties of a Bandman.

I am a Bandman because I know that the only way to be a Bandman for the sake reason that Paul became a preacher of the Gospel. In short, I am a Bandman because God Himself desires that I should be one.

NEW ZEALAND

CARING FOR THE HOMELESS, DESTITUTE AND FORSAKEN

The Salvation Army in New Zealand is meeting a variety of pressing social needs with its thirty-two different Social Institutions. These splendid agencies comprise six Maternity Hospitals, Homes for women, boys, and girls, leprosy and Prison-Gate Homes, People's Palaces, Workmen's Homes, and Soldiers' Hostels and Institutions.

Important alterations have lately been made to a number of the buildings, with the object of increasing both their comfort and accommodation. At Memorial, a suburb of Wellington, Prison-Gate work has lately been commenced, and already the Officers are kept more than busy dealing with the men who are brought to the Home. The Institution at Christchurch has had to be considerably enlarged to meet the growing demand upon its resources.

Specially trained Officers regularly visit the police courts throughout the Dominion, and their advice is frequently sought in the solving of problems with which the authorities are faced. This beneficent and sometimes perplexing work has had most fruitful results: again and again people discharged by the courts have made wonderful recovery in the social scale, and have become not only law-abiding but God-fearing citizens.

LAPLAND

300 MILES OVER MOUNTAINS OF SNOW

Among the hardy Laplanders, Salvation Army Officers are telling with undiminished zeal, and in spite of difficulties, only possible of realization by those on the spot, souls are being saved. On a recent journey two Officers travelled 300 miles on skis over mountains covered with snow without any roads worthy of the name. This occupied them five weeks. The officers carried thirty-three meetings, and they had the joy of seeing the God of the Lapps kneeling in penitence before God. The new settlers and pioneers are constantly driving the Laplanders further into the mountains, thus presenting the difficulties encountered by our officers.

FRANCE

FOUR LODGINGS AND SALVATION

A young man passing through Paris was looking for lodgings when he saw The Army's Shelter and decided to stay there. He accepted an invitation to the meeting that evening, and knelt at the mercy seat.

Two days later he returned to Switzerland. On greeting his mother at the threshold of her home, he cried: "Oh, bless you, Mother! I am converted!" He is now a recruit.

SWEDISH CONGRESS

Glorious Opening to Brilliant Series of Gatherings

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER LEADING—SIXTY-FIVE SEEKERS

SO increasingly important to Army life in Sweden has the Annual Congress become that three celebrations instead of one this summer being held in different parts of the country.

The first of these, conducted by Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, has just been concluded at Gothenburg.

The whole thrust of the Congress may be well stated in the words com-

light-blue dresses and white aprons, and Bands scattering music all along the line, progress was made to the circus for what was termed a Welcome Meeting, but what was in actuality much more.

Nothing could have exceeded the heartiness with which the International visitors were greeted. Introduced by Commissioner Swen, who directed the proceedings, the Officers of the Division of Gothenburg, Smaland, and Skane all came in turn their words of praise and gratitude for the glorious triumphs of the past.

One touching episode was the appearance of the Officers who work amongst the deaf and dumb, of whom there are 60,000 in Sweden. With one of their number sang a Salvation song, her comrades Officers, facing the audience, translated it into the sign language.

Met the Soldiers

On Saturday evening the Congress leaders met seven hundred Soldiers in the splendid Concert Hall. With what emotion did they listen to the words of counsel offered. The true wisdom which makes men and women soul-winners was clearly and attractively set forth by Mrs. Booth-Tucker. Her words were a benediction home by the Commissioners, who, holding aloft God's standard for his Soldiers, urged his hearers up to duty. Thirty seekers made open response.

Sunshine ferried Gothenburg on Sunday and good took possession of the city, but in the Concert Hall warm rays of Salvation radiated all day. Three times the spacious hall was crowded. The holiness meeting was the occasion of straight dealing. The Commissioners' utterance, which does not want an eight-hour day religion, very well sums up the burden of his message.

Loving Service

Applying the beautiful story of the banishing of Christ from the banister box of Gethsemane, Mrs. Booth-Tucker pleaded for a similar outpouring of loving service for Christ. Five seekers publicly came forward.

Another imposing march came forward the afternoon missionary demonstration, which, owing to the inclement weather, was substituted for the Open-Air Meeting which was to have taken place. An interesting and illuminating recounting of missionary endeavour was given by both Commissioners and Mrs. Booth-Tucker as well as by Missionary Officers and laymen in Sweden. Ensign Palm's story of heroic work among the Lepers in Sumatra—the island of death; Major Jell's story of his experiences of twenty years' work in India, and Booth-Tucker's picture of the false truth, deeply moved the audience, while the beautiful South-Indian graphic description of Indian life and

Salvation warfare gripped the hearts of all who listened. The Meetings continued a long time, and messengers to carry the glad tidings to every land.

Large as was the audience which filled the Concert Hall in the morning, and afterwards the doors had to be closed against the crowd which struggled to gain admittance at night. The Commissioner, following the earnest example of Mrs. Booth-Tucker, spoke words which could only be the utterance of one inspired by a terrible realization of the awful peril of the sinner.

No Easily Won Battle

The Prayer Meeting, skillfully led by Commissioner Swen and Lieutenant Colonel Molebust, was no easily-won battle. Gothenburg people have much respect for what they consider to be propriety. Was a concert hall quite the place to make the great decision? There was some hesitation until a young man with fine deliberation led the way, to be followed by a train of others.

A touching incident was witnessed in a corner of the hall, where a group of deaf-and-dumb people were pleaded with by an Officer and his wife. Two of them at length followed her to the mercy-seat, and were there dealt with through the mediation of the Agn language, finding glorious liberation.

At half-past ten thirty souls had been counted, and there was such music in the hearts of the Salvationists that the Agn language, finest orchestra, whose strains came from the breeze from the Park, where it still played, was not to be compared with it.

Officers' Councils

Monday and Tuesday were mainly devoted to Officers' and Local Officers' Councils. Full as they were of sound, practical teaching based upon long experience on the battle-ground, and graciously visited by the Holy Spirit, the gatherings will maintain a lasting influence.

The Governor's message to the Congress, conveyed from England by Colonel Hammar, was received with great enthusiasm and evidence of loyal affection.

It was on the final public event which took place on Monday evening should be a musical festival. There was again a packed building and the music of the Bands and Singing Brigades furnished a grand display.

Mention must be made of the splendid support rendered to the Congress by Lieutenant-Colonel Wihery and Brigadier Dahlberg.

From the First Officers' Meeting a message of greeting was sent to The General.

DOCTOR'S GIFT

A Corps has been opened at Nahaya Khan, a doctor's village in Eastern Bengal, through the agency of an Indian doctor, who has given a building in his own compound as a School and Meeting Hall, to which gift he has added some land to enable extensions to be made when necessary.



The Twice-Born Maestro

THE STORY OF A RECLAIMED VIOLINIST

AS! Alas! How different from the days of yore! I can't even play for pennies on the Onsey Island shore.

So musc "Professor" Frank W. one day as he strolled in the wintry blast-cool hungry and broke. His long tangled locks beneath an old shabby cap oiled the barber a big bill; his clothes were shabby and worn; his trousers and generally dispirited. He stood outside the door of the big Salvation Army Industrial Home for men in Fenwick City, wondering what he would find. Major in charge of the institution would take pity on him. He had been on "a big drunk" get mixed up in a bar-room fight; received a smash on the jaw and one eye was in mourning. A violin had been stolen from him. A violin—"luck" had deserted him. Oh if he could only get in somewhere out of the cold how grateful he'd be. Yes "how different from the days of yore." Once he was the proud owner of a fast steam yacht; swayed the baton over a big symphony orchestra; was met in the outer offices by the general manager. Exclamations were unnecessary—one glance told the Major how poor wretch was hungry, and he said to the "professor": "Take this order up to the dining-room and get something to eat. Get warmed up, and come and see me by day-by." The old man shuffled to the dining-room, and after getting "thawed out" he managed to eat a little food—a most difficult task, owing to the injury to his jaw. After his meal he was assigned to the carpenter shop (he told the Major he was handy with tools). The head carpenter was a kindly fellow—had been "through the mill" himself, and could sympathize with the stranger. The weary afternoon in the carpenter shop passed; the supper bell rang and the evening meal was served. The 128 men—brothers in circumstance, at least. The Salvation Army believes that kindness is next to godliness, and the need "father took the 'professor' in hand, lavished him to the kitchen, where he had a real good "scrub-down." Clean underwear and a razor were handed him. Then the "house barber" took him to the bath, and the "housemaid" laid in a fairly presentable suit of clothing; he was told to go to the office for his "bed assignment" in one of the big dormitories. This was the first time he had been introduced to "Brotherhood Hall." On the top floor of the institution. The boys saw to it that he had a nice, comfortable room. "Sit up" and listened in silence to the conversation going on about the room. "Listen!" Yes, in a way, but the voice of remorse in his own soul was pre-

He was hungry

He opened the door of the institution almost despairingly, and was met in the outer offices by the general manager. Exclamations were unnecessary—one glance told the Major how poor wretch was hungry, and he said to the "professor": "Take this order up to the dining-room and get something to eat. Get warmed up, and come and see me by day-by." The old man shuffled to the dining-room, and after getting "thawed out" he managed to eat a little food—a most difficult task, owing to the injury to his jaw. After his meal he was assigned to the carpenter shop (he told the Major he was handy with tools). The head carpenter was a kindly fellow—had been "through the mill" himself, and could sympathize with the stranger. The weary afternoon in the carpenter shop passed; the supper bell rang and the evening meal was served. The 128 men—brothers in circumstance, at least. The Salvation Army believes that kindness is next to godliness, and the need "father took the 'professor' in hand, lavished him to the kitchen, where he had a real good "scrub-down." Clean underwear and a razor were handed him. Then the "house barber" took him to the bath, and the "housemaid" laid in a fairly presentable suit of clothing; he was told to go to the office for his "bed assignment" in one of the big dormitories. This was the first time he had been introduced to "Brotherhood Hall." On the top floor of the institution. The boys saw to it that he had a nice, comfortable room. "Sit up" and listened in silence to the conversation going on about the room. "Listen!" Yes, in a way, but the voice of remorse in his own soul was pre-

In the right place

"Yes, I'm small potatoes now, but I'm sure I'm in the right place to get on my feet again," he reasoned to himself. Next day he resolved he would make himself known to the Envoy, who filled the office of chaplain of the Home. After supper he asked the halting boy if he would introduce him, to which he assented. The introduction—a very remarkable one for a quinine-woman—was made. The Envoy was a very versatile man, and, besides being a first-class clarinetist, he was a crack-jack repair man on pianos, organs or string instruments, and many a poor boy or girl who was too poor to buy a decent instrument was helped out through Frank's ingenuity and repair work. His reputation spread, and soon he had all the repair work he could attend to, had a nice little income, and manfully "fought off" the dog who "bit" him.

Carrying a violin

Presently a Salvationist, in full uniform, entered the room from the "elite apartment" adjoining, carrying a violin case and a string of music. He was gathering him for a rehearsal of "Queen Esther"—Brendray's Cantata—when he was soon to be introduced by the Music Lover's League of the country in the apacious chapel of the institution. So

to emerge from his present shape just as a butterfly comes out in the summer. He provided the musical business was carried over a new leaf; that the only trouble with him was that he had been clumsy and a good, big, alphabetic dose of the grace of God would make him graceful as you please and happy as a lark. The old fellow smiled, brushed away a tear with his coat sleeve, and asked if he could play a tune on the violin. "Sure," said the professional man who had lost their music cards through unfortunate circumstances; there were newspaper men, broken-down sports, lawyers, doctors and almost every kind of a tradesman. From a blackboard to a wash-maker. But the musicians—well, the kind people who gave their odds-and-ends to The Salvation Army wages were not to be disappointed. The music instruments—a fiddle, with a broken scroll; a clarinet, minus a few keys; a cornet, with its valves "frozen," etc., etc., in the hands of these skilled men, and soon were repaired and put to use. An orchestra had been formed, second-hand instruments were picked up by the men, and really creditable performances of the world's best music attracted enlightened people—muscle-froes from the neighborhood, and the Music Lover's League was born.

One rehearsal

The Envoy had been educated for a musician by his father, and spent most of his spare time in arranging orchestral parts for his men. One by one the men went for their instruments and gathered in the chapel. Singers began to arrive, and soon were seated in the choir. A few "wrinkles" had to be ironed out, and the rehearsal came to an end. The performers went their way, but the Envoy remained behind to see that the men were in a trance. The Envoy passed through Brotherhood Hall and saw the old man, all alone, and spoke to him—gave him a little encouragement, and then he said: "You must be a good night. How well he knew that score and the words accompanying it. "Tut-tut in the Lord forever, for in the Lord forever is everlasting strength!" "Exclaiming loudly," he murmured to me—"I'm like and eagle chained to a rock and I cannot help myself!" He went to bed—yes—but there was too much anguish and turmoil in his breast to permit of sleep. He mused:

Like Jupiter, I soared too high.

Like clip-winged Daedalus. The God who made me took me down. And now, alas, so different from the days of yore. I can't even play for pennies on the Onsey Island shore. The Envoy was a very versatile man, and, besides being a first-class clarinetist, he was a crack-jack repair man on pianos, organs or string instruments, and many a poor boy or girl who was too poor to buy a decent instrument was helped out through Frank's ingenuity and repair work. His reputation spread, and soon he had all the repair work he could attend to, had a nice little income, and manfully "fought off" the dog who "bit" him.

Walked home

One night, after playing a duet with satisfactory effect at a religious meeting, the old man became unusually silent; the men were crossing by the Hoboken ferry, and when the boat reached the

A Frustrated Elopement

What a Captain accomplished who makes house-to-house visitation a feature of his methods for pushing "The Great Call Campaign."

WHY not? That was the question that kept presenting itself to Mrs. Bowline's agitated mind, as she tried to get on and do a bit of tidying up about the house one day, everlast morning. "I shouldn't have married him in the first place," she reasoned with herself. "But then we never happy; he looks me about as drunks, and my blood boils and I rebel and now I hate him and the house and everything else connected with him!" She forgot the happy days of their courtship, for, to her mind, Tom Bowline had been that she could ever wish for. The forget that it had partly been her own bitter tongue and nagging ways that had driven Tom to the cursed idea. She forgot that she made no effort to make a home for Tom where he could be happy in spending his evenings in her company. No, she remembered none of these things. Her mind was obsessed at Tom's last "injustice" to her, and she could think of nothing but to be the cause of all his misery.

He meant business

The old man saw the jail—said he meant business. The jail was a home to Tom where he could be happy in spending his evenings in her company. No, she remembered none of these things. Her mind was obsessed at Tom's last "injustice" to her, and she could think of nothing but to be the cause of all his misery.

A chance meeting

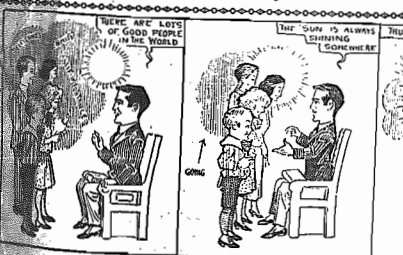
To make matters worse, an old acquaintance had of late been forcing his attentions upon her. It had been a dance meeting that had brought them together, and that had led on to intimacy, and then the interloper had commenced to call at the house in the husband's absence, until at last he had dared to suggest that Mary leave her awful husband and live in sin with him. Alas, alas, the suggestion applied to her. Once she had been an innocent girl, so surrounded by purity and modesty that no suggestion of her kind could be uttered in her hearing; but now, so far had she fallen from that estate, that not only was evil suggested, but she failed to cast the suggestion aside as an unclean thing. She turned it over and over in her mind, with that endless, weary, the worst about her old task, "Why not?"

Gave her 'pepper'

The Captain could scarcely believe his ears, especially as the woman said she had no great reputation or honor at the sin she was about to commit. Rallying his powers, he mentally calling on God to help him, he set about the task of proving to her the hideousness of her sin. To his own surprise, he gave her "pepper" in his own way. The "pepper" proved to be what was needed.

With the Rightway Family

THE SUN IS ALWAYS SHINING SOMEWHERE



Many decided to put off her flight, the time being at any rate, she determined to have another try, and so it things would be any better. Alas! it did not appear that it would be so. In her hour, the Captain's words still rung in her ears, preventing her from taking desperate action. Moreover, she felt sure that the Captain would come again, and finally she decided to go to one of The Army Meeting to see if she could get any help there in her hour of fighting and difficulty.

It seemed to her that that meeting was being especially run for her benefit, for nearly everything that was said or done appeared to be applicable to her. She felt the mighty power of God, and then saw the terrible state of her heart, that would allow her to ponder over such terrible sin, and then said that rejecting God was itself the great sin. To make a long story short, so wrought upon was she, that she did not find herself kneeling at the president's feet, crying to God to have mercy on her soul.

Kind enquiry

"Oh, good morning, madam," he said before she had time to recover, and then The Army Officer of this district, and we are endeavoring to get into touch with the people. In anything I can do for you? Are you in trouble? I can help you? My wife a little talk about the things that matter?"

Strange to say—strange to the unworldly, yet how easily understood by the Captain—she seemed unable to turn him away, so held the door open, silently inviting him to enter and sit down. It was not then very long before the Captain saw unmistakable signs that the woman had been in trouble. Quietly and gently he kept talking on, looking for an opening that would enable him to discover the cause of the trouble. It came, and the Spirit of the Living God strove with the woman until she confessed the terrible state of her heart, that she was even that morning packing up her things to clear out from her husband, to go and live with another man.

Meant for Use

Great rivers have their sources in high ranges. Now, the value of these rivers lies not in the fact of their having their springs in high places, but that they send their waters, fertilizing the plains where the multitudes live and labor. So while the springs of spiritual life must be in heavenly places, they are of little value unless the experiences flow down to the levels where men strive and cry, and through the places where the multitude live and toil and suffer.

Content these pictures with last week's Dollage of the Warway Family

THE SUN IS ALWAYS SHINING SOMEWHERE

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THE SUN IS ALWAYS SHINING SOMEWHERE

Continued from column 1

(Continued on column 4)

Glory to his name, glory to His name,
etc.

Restore and make me meet for Hea-
ven;
Unless Thou purge my every stain,

A B Na Whaley Joyce Cornet, silver-plated, double water-key in good condition, with leather case and C sharp. Price \$30.00. Apply to Commandant.

Don't leave your ordering too late—Do It Now!

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